

170 *THE CASTAWAYS OF
THE FLAFF*

Neither Fritz nor Frank knew this river, since their expeditions had never brought them into the heart of the island. They had no idea that it had already received a name, that it was called the Montrose, as they had no knowledge of the new name of Jean Zermatt peak, on whose summit the British flag was floating. What a pleasure it would be to Jenny to learn that this river bore the name of her family!

After marching for an hour they left the Montrose,, which bore off sharply to the east. Two hours later Fritz and Frank, who had taken the lead, set foot at length on country known to them.

" The Green Valley ! " they shouted, and saluted it with a cheer.

It was the Green Valley, and now they only had<*> to get to the rampart enclosing the Promised Land to be at the defile of Cluse.

This time, no consideration, no hunger or fatigue, could have availed to hold back any of them.

Following Fritz and Frank, they all hurried forward, although the path was steep. They seemed to be impelled forcibly towards the goal which they had despaired of ever attaining!

Oh, if only by some extraordinary

good luck M.
Zermatt and Mr, Wolston might be at
the hermitage
at Eberfurt, and their families with
them, as the
custom was during the summer
season!
. But that would have been too good
to be true,